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So sweetly pass the golden hours along,
"To meditation due, and sacred song,"

S.

ODE TO SPRING.

AT thy approach, O genial Spring,
The birds a parting requiem sing
To winter's gloomy reign,
Thou com'st arrayed in vernal green,
The graces and the loves are seen,
Attendant in thy train.

Thy soothing influence spreads around,
With cheerful songs the woods resound,
Which echo through the grove ;
The tuneful thrush with varying note,
The blackbird strains its little throat,
And sweetly sings his love.

Hark! 'tis the stock-dove's plaintive moan;
The cuckoo with unchanging tone,
The smiling season hail,
The sparrow chirrups through the brake,
And now we hear the constant creak
Of yonder busy rail.

The snow-drop from its grassy bed,
First-born of spring, upears its head,
In vest of purest white,
The primrose next of sickly hue,
The violet's ethereal blue,
Attracts the wanderer's sight.

Thick scattered like a shower of hail,
The daisy variegates the vale,
O'er nature's carpet spread,
The daffodil of bolder size,
Does towering o'er the herbage rise,
And proudly rears its head.

The garden now with fragrance blows,
Though neither pink nor blushing rose,
To grace the scene appears,
The wall-flower sips the morning dew,
The auricula of various hue
A motley livery wears.

The attempt to paint each flower is vain,
Which spring has scattered o'er the plain,
And spread with liberal hand ;
May heaven the year with plenty crown,
And on the wings of peace sendown,
Protection to this land.

Thou god of seasons, thy controul
Pervades, invigorates the whole,
Thou dost thy blessings pour ;
Thou sendest summer's vernal bloom,
Presidest, o'er the wintry gloom
And autumn's yellow store. LYNTA.

THE FATHER TO HIS BABE.

WELCOME, welcome, beauteous babe !
O thrice welcome to my sight !
Pleas'd I greet thy opening eyes,
Like thy mother's, azure bright.

Lovely infant, angel mild,
Pledge of purest, fondest flame,
BELFAST MAG. NO. X

Little sweet ! I'll honour thee,
With our worthy parent's name.
Cherub, Helen !—on that breast,
Glad I see thee soft recline,
O was mortal e'er so blest !
O ! what happiness is mine !

ELIZABETH.

THE RISING SUN.

YOU view the rising sun,
Shedding round his glowing light ;
Already has his course begun,
But soon ! ah soon ! 'twill sink in night.

Fair Aurora cheers the skies,
In her robe of saffron drest,
Each fleeting cloud before her flies,
Each warbling songster leaves its nest.

Sweetly they salute the morn,
While they carol on each spray ;
The white buds blossom on the thorn,
And Gries* rolls silently away.

The violet does its sweets disclose,
The primrose blooms in modest shade ;
Why withers now the lovely rose,
That late its painted bloom display'd ?

So, short lived beauty, dost thou fly,
And leav'st each maiden to her fate,
Thy transient roses fade and die,
But steadier virtue keeps her seat,

FLORELLA.

* A small river in the county of Kildare.

SELECTED POETRY.

THE FOLLOWING ELEGANT POETICAL ARTICLE FROM THE PEN OF W. HOSCOE, HAS LATELY APPEARED IN THE ATHENEUM : WE VENTURE TO GIVE IT AS A TREAT TO OUR READERS.

THE BUTTERFLY'S BIRTH-DAY.
BY THE AUTHOR OF THE " BUTTERFLY'S BALL."

THE shades of night were scarcely fled ;
The air was mild, the winds were still ;
And slow the slanting sun-beams spread,
O'er wood and lawn, o'er heath and hill.
From fleecy clouds of pearly hue
Had dropt a short but balmy shower,
That hung like gems of morning dew,
On every tree and every flower.
And from the blackbird's mellow throat,
Was poured so loud and long a swell,
As echoed with responsive note,
From mountain's side and shadowy dell.
When bursting forth to life and light,
The offspring of enraptured May,
The BUTTERFLY on pinions bright,
Launch'd in full splendor on the day.

Aaa